

# Great Bargains IN BOOTS AND SHOES!

The Next Sixty Days I will Sell you anything in my Line of BOOTS AND SHOES

## AT OR BELOW COST.

Come and examine Goods and Prices at these Great Bargains, You can save Money by buying your spring stock now. Do not wait but come at once with your cash. CASH only buys at such bargains

### WADHAM'S SHOE STORE,

SIXTH STREET,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Issued every Thursday morning at Brainerd, Minn. Terms \$1.50 per year in ADVANCE.

N. H. Ingersoll, Editors and Proprietors.  
F. W. Wieland.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CROW WING, CASS, ST. LOUIS AND ADJUTANT COUNTIES, and the City of Brainerd.

POPULATION OF BRAINERD 12,000.

Entered at the Post Office at Brainerd, Minnesota, as second-class matter.

#### AUNT BETSEY'S PRESENT.

"Well, I must say I think it is horribly mean of your Aunt Betsey, Estella. After making such a favorite of you all your life, and having you with her ever since you were a mere baby, she might have sent you something worth having on your twenty-first birthday, especially as she knows how poor we are since your father's death," said my mother sharply.

"You had better take it as a hint for the future, and not build any more castles on what Aunt Betsey is likely to do for you," remarked my sister Lena, while Walter, my only brother, added with a provoking face.

"Here endeth my sister Stella's 'great expectations'."

"You need not make such unpleasant remarks," I answered pettishly. "In sending me the portrait of her old sweetheart, poor old auntie has given me her greatest treasure, and she, no doubt, thinks I shall value it as much as she does."

Well, it may come in useful, after all, for if as I expect, you never get a sweet heart, you can imagine he was yours, when you are a sour old maid like Aunt Betsey," said Lena, who prided herself not a little on being engaged at eighteen, while I, at twenty-one, had never had an offer, not even the ghost of a lover.

I had lived with Aunt Betsey down in her quiet country home in the south of Cornwall until my father's death two years before, when coming up to London for his funeral, I found my mother left in such straitened circumstances that I felt it my duty to stay and earn what money I could to help her; thereby, however, I incurred Aunt Betsey's anger.

"Surely," she wrote, "your brother and sister can help your mother; you have no need to leave me lonely in my old age, after I have had all the trouble of you as a child," etc., etc.

I would willingly have returned,

for a close London lodging was was not at all to my taste after my aunt's large airy country-house, but my mother seemed to lean on me, and so to dread my leaving her, that I had not the heart to go.

Aunt Betsey neither came nor wrote, and I had quite resigned myself to the idea that I was hopelessly on her black books when the above related event took place.

Now I knew that I was forgiven. In her early youth Aunt Betsey, then the beautiful Elizabeth Marston, my father's only sister, had been engaged to the son and heir of a wealthy banker.

He had been sent abroad, on business for his father, just before they were to have been married, and though the jealous treachery of another man who madly loved her, and wished to supplant his rival, the engagement had been suddenly broken off by him.

He then remained abroad, and Aunt Betsey never heard from him again. Just before he left England he presented her with a beautiful little miniature of himself set in gold and diamonds, and this she had kept, together with her maiden-name—no other lover ever induced her to change it.

As a girl, I had often seen and reverently admired the pretty souvenir, and I had taken all a girl's keen interest in the love-story attached to it. Aunt had always told me it was to be mine, and now I felt certain with this treasure in my possession, that I had not quite lost my old place in her favor, though I heard in the same letter in which she solemnly commended the portrait to my care, that she had adopted an orphan girl in my place as her companion and probable heiress.

I put the letter and portrait away with sigh of regret for my old happy home, with its quiet and freedom from the toil and care and worry that were now my daily portion.

Things went on from bad to worse with us and my twenty-second birthday found me in despair.

Walter, unable to get on here, had gone to New Zealand; Lena had married on a very slender income, and gone to live in the north. I could not bend to ask help from Aunt Betsey and my mother was still ill and my work so scarce that I could barely find us in the necessities of life.

At last, I too, became ill, and we had not a penny in the house; everything we had, even poor mamma's engagement ring had gone for food.

"Stella, you must go and get some money. Mrs. Burton says she

will have the rent by to-morrow, or we shall have to turn out into the street. There is—would you mind, dear?—your Aunt Betsey's present; you could get enough for that to keep us for a long time."

"Mamma dear, I cannot, dare not sell it! Anything of mine I would without, but this—oh, don't ask me!"

"And yet the generous donor has never sent us the price of a loaf," said my mother bitterly. "Well, take my wedding-ring; has never been off my finger since your poor father put it on, twenty-five years ago; but it must go now."

"No, no, mamma, you must not, you shall not take it off. I will go and take aunt's present, not to sell, but to the pawn-shop; then I may, perhaps, get it back when Walter sends us some money."

With a heavy heart and weary lagging steps, departed on my hateful task. All our things had been sold, we had preferred to leave them to go into that last disgraceful refuge of the destitute, a London pawn-broker's.

Arrived outside, I paced to and fro, until my tottering limbs, weak from illness and continual fasting, warned me that my strength would not hold out much longer.

I entered. Only one other person, a tall dark gentleman, whose face I could not see in the semi-darkness, stood there talking to the shop-man.

"I tell you, my man, the plate is here. It has been traced by a clever detective, who will join me here in a few minutes. He is only delaying because he thinks he has traced the thief, and has gone to follow up the search."

"Well, sir, I am sure you are mistaken, but my principal will be here in a few moments, you must talk to him. What can I do for you, young woman?" he asked, turning to me somewhat eagerly, evidently glad of an excuse to evade his unpleasant visitor's conversation.

Unable to speak I drew forth my treasure. The shopman looked suspicious at me as he took it up and tested it.

"Your name and address, please," he said sharply. And how much do want?"

"I want a—little money, if you please," I faltered.

As I spoke the gentleman turned, and I could feel a pair of bright keen eyes scanning my pale face. I grew more helplessly confused to utter a word.

"Tell the shopman how much you want, and your name, my good girl," he said in a kind and pitying tone.

Then, for the first time, I raised my eyes to his face, feeling that I had found a friend. Merciful heaven was I dreaming, or had my late troubles driven reason from my brain, and filled it instead with wild delusive fancies.

Surely then stood the original of my aunt. Betsey's portrait,

but young and stalwart as he had been forty years ago, when it was taken.

In vain I tried to speak. I could only point helplessly to the portrait; the shop, with its occupants and its contents swam, around me, and with a cry for help, I sank fainting to the ground.

When I next awoke to consciousness, I was lying on an improvised bed on the old couch in our sitting-room at home. I moved my head, it felt weak and sore. Then I tried to lift my hands, but to my surprise I was powerless to do so. A woman, plainly dressed, with a kind motherly face, was sitting near me and rose, as I moved.

I looked around bewildered.

"Mamma!" I called feebly.

"Hush, hush, my dear miss," said the kind-looking woman soothingly. "You must not speak, your mamma is asleep and you might awake her."

So I lay still, wondering weakly who she was, and who had sent her there; but presently seeing her stir the fire into a blaze, I forgot her caution, as all my old anxieties came back, and said pleadingly:

"Don't poke the fire, please. It will burn out too quickly, and we have no more coals."

"Oh, now, miss, you have been dreaming. The cellar is nearly full, the coals only came in last week."

Again I essayed to answer, but was so gently, yet with such good authority, ordered to be quiet, that I was glad to obey, so I lay still enjoying the sensation of being able not to even think. In a day or two I grew stronger, and one morning to my delight my mother came in, and I had leave given me to talk a little.

Then I heard all about my late adventure.

"It is really a most wonderful event, my dear, and reads like a chapter out of a three volume novel," said my mother, who, by the way, looked quite bright and strong again. "When you fell down in a faint, you let fall the envelope in which you had carried the miniature, and the gentleman who was in the shop—"

"I remember him, mamma," I cried excitedly. "He was the very image of the portrait. I fancied I must be dreaming."

"That is the strangest part of the story, but you won't let me tell it to you properly my dear. The gentleman saw your name and address, brought you home in a cab, and has been our good angel ever since. He is Arthur Rashleigh, the only son of your Aunt Betsey's old lover, who, after mourning the supposed faithlessness of his old love, married late in life, and has not long been dead, leaving Arthur a large fortune. His astonishment at seeing you with his father's portrait, you may be sure was very great. However, it was a very lucky thing for us; after all, Aunt Betsey's present was not such a poor one. By the way,

here it is; Mr. Rashleigh was kind enough to bring it back with him."

There was one thing which did not appear to concern my mother in the least, but made my pale face flame, and that was the idea of receiving these benefits from a mere stranger upon whom we had not the slightest claim, unless the fact that his father, forty years before, had been my aunt's lover, could be considered one.

So I made up an eloquent speech in which I thanked him warmly for all his goodness, and delicately yet firmly conveyed the information that I intended to fully repay him as soon as I could get to work again.

But carefully as I rehearsed it, that eloquent speech was never uttered, nor did I wonder at my mother's willingness to receive benefits from him, when once I had seen and talked with him. He was so lonely, he said, he had not a single friend or relative in England, and a man-servant, whom he had treated with kindness and confidence, had just robbed him of some valuable old family plate which his father had thought highly of and had carried with him in all his wanderings.

For me—my I confess it without shame!—the grateful interest I felt in him soon grew into love, and, ah, happy as my life has been since, can I ever forget that happy evening, when walking home from the theatre, whether he had taken me, he told me that he loved me dearly, and asked me to be his wife.

"But I—I am a poor, I am not pretty, and I am so old!" I pleaded, fearing to accept this sweet new happiness, and mindful of Lena's depreciation of my personal appearance, age, etc.

Arthur laughed and drew me closer in his arms.

"If you are too old for marriage at two-and-twenty, how may I hope with six more years added on, ever to enter that blissful state he asked."

So I said yes, and soon after, we all went down to Aunt Betsey's and there I was married at the village church, to the son of her old lover and revered the queer touchy old maid not a little, for her loyal devotion to his father.

So Aunt Betsey's present saved dear mothers' life, and also saved me from the dreadful fate Lena had threatened me with. I had it made into a locket, and I wear it constantly. It is generally mistaken for the portrait of my dear husband, so is the large oil painting of his father which hangs in our drawing-room, from which this miniature was copied.

We are very happy, and when my brother Walter comes home, as we expect him to do with his new bride, next Christmas, we shall have a wonderful story to tell him or that same present which he and Lena thought so little of.

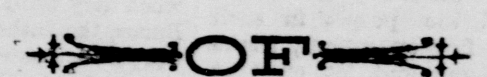
At Sleeper's Broadway Opera House, Brainerd. One Night Only

See RENTZ-SANTLEY Burlesque Company

APRIL 2d, 1884.

PAWNBROKER'S

## Auction Sale



### Fine Watches and Jewelry,

consisting of Solid Gold and Silver Watches with the celebrated Elgin, Springfield and Waltham movements, rolled gold plated vest chains, charms, lockets, solid gold rings for ladies and gents; also a large line of Ladies' Jewelry all of the finest quality. Silver plated knives and fork, spoons, castors, shoes, notions, etc., etc.

Ladies Cordially Invited.

SALE AT

H. E. Leland's Restaurant,

No. 21 6th street south.

Sales daily at 2 and 7:30 p. m. from today until all goods are sold.

HENRY A. ROTH,

Auctioneer.

















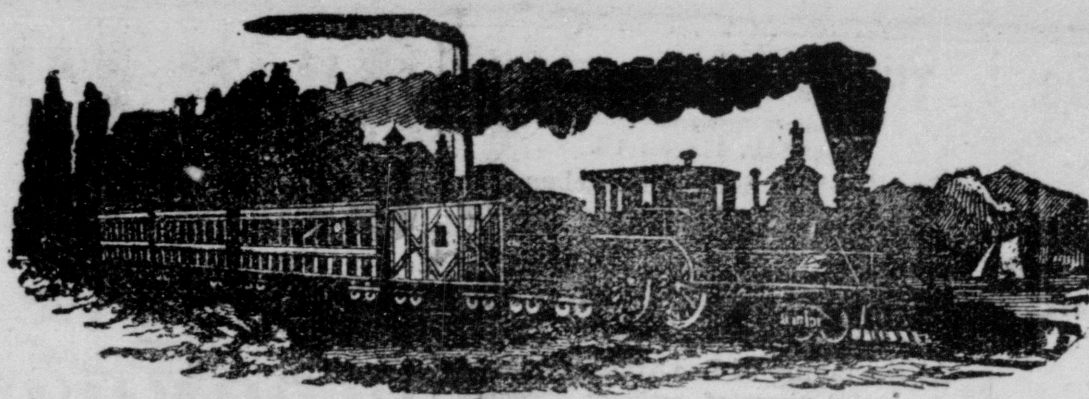












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"That is the strangest part of the story, but you won't let me tell it to you properly my dear. The gentleman saw your name and address, brought you home in a cab, and has been our good angel ever since. He is Arthur Rasleigh, the only son of your Aunt Betsey's old lover, who, after mourning the supposed faithlessness of his old love, married late in life, and has not long been dead, leaving Arthur a large fortune."

His astonishment at seeing you with his father's portrait, you may be sure was very great. However, it was a very lucky thing for us after all, Aunt Betsey's present was not such a poor one. By the way,

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